

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a dark gray color, framing the central text.

Steady Feet, Don't Fail Me Now

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Steady Feet, Don't Fail Me Now by richietoaster

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: FIRST LET ME JUST SAY THERE IS SMUT IN THIS, Fake Dating, Fingering, Flirting, Fluff, Hickeys, M/M, MY CHARACTERS ARE AGED 18 SO IF YOU COME AT ME YOU WILL NOT RECEIVE A REPLY, Mentions of Sex, Neck Kissing, Pining, RICHIE CAN DANCE YALL, Stupid Boys, idk what else to tag this?~, implied sex

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Summary:

“You know how to dance?” Eddie demands, still skeptical, and Richie is almost offended.

“Yes, actually,” he scoffs with a good natured laugh. “Is that so hard to believe?”

Eddie opens his mouth, but Richie cuts him off before he can tell his friend that yes, that’s incredibly hard to believe.

“Don’t answer that, dickhead,” Richie says as he gets up, wiping his sweaty palms onto his jeans. “C’mon, get up.” He instructs and holds out a hand to pull Eddie to his feet. “I’m teaching you.”

Steady Feet, Don't Fail Me Now

Author's Note:

LET ME JUST SAY THAT THIS FIC WAS BEING IN THE PROCESS OF BEING WRITTEN FOR WEEKS NOW AND I WOULDNT HAVE POSTED IT IF IT WEREN'T FOR SOME OF MY BETAS (ROSE AND TORI) LIKE I COULD NOT HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT THEM AND I LOVE THEM SO MUCH SO THEY ARE THE REASON FOR IT BEING POSTED SO YALL CAN THANK THEM

"I have this stupid wedding to go to next month," Eddie says casually, eyes still fixed on the living room TV, instead of looking at Richie who was lounging on the couch beside him.

"Yeah?" Richie acknowledges.

"Yeah," Eddie repeats. "One of the bridesmaids is a family friend, and our age, and my mom is trying to set me up with her," he explained, rolling his eyes.

Richie lets out a low laugh, "Sounds like something ol' Mrs. K would do."

"That's not even the *worst* part," Eddie sighs, playing with a loose strand of string on one of the pillows.

Richie looks up at Eddie from his slouched form, "What's the worst part?"

"I have to dance with her," Eddie groaned.

"What's the problem?"

"A slow dance, *Richard* ," he says with an exasperated sigh. "Not only do I have to pretend to like girls, but I have to dance with one, too. And I don't know how to dance."

Richie barks out a laugh, but when he see's Eddie's face fall,

immediately apologizes.

“Stop laughing at me,” Eddie complains, and hits his chest lightly.

“Why is that such a bad thing? That I can’t dance?”

“It’s not,” Richie giggles, “I- um. I could teach you if you want me to,” he offers, and hopes that Eddie won’t notice how nervous he feels.

“You?” Eddie asks incredulously, raising an eyebrow at his best friend.

“Yeah, I could.”

“You know how to dance?” Eddie demands, still skeptical, and Richie is almost offended.

“Yes, actually,” he scoffs with a good natured laugh. “Is that so hard to believe?”

Eddie opens his mouth, but Richie cuts him off before he can tell his friend that yes, that’s incredibly hard to believe.

“Don’t answer that, dickhead,” Richie says as he gets up, wiping his sweaty palms onto his jeans. “C’mon, get up.” He instructs and holds out a hand to pull Eddie to his feet. “I’m teaching you.”

Eddie gives him a look.

“Okay, don’t look at me like that, first of all,” Richie says, rolling his eyes. “You’ll be fine. Great, even. Second of all, take my hand,” he says, holding out his hand once more.

Eddie slowly reaches out for it and inhales deeply when Richie is drawing him closer, his eyes widening a fraction that he hopes isn’t noticeable to Richie.

“Take one step.” Richie whispers.

Eddie does... Right onto Richie’s foot.

"You suck at this," Richie laughs causing Eddie to glare back at him, and Richie's laughter softens into a smile that almost looks sweet. "Just take your time," he says as a kind of apology. "Let's try this again," and with that Richie gently corrects Eddie's position.

Eddie takes a deep breath, and after clearing his mind and listening to Richie's instructions, Eddie gets his footing correct within minutes.

"You're doing well. Now do me a favor, yeah?" Richie lifts the other boy's chin up, "Stop looking at the ground. Keep your eyes locked on mine."

Eddie can't move after that. Richie's hands feel like they're burning on his hips and the second their eyes meet and bore into one another, he feels like he's being held in some kind of trance.

Neither of them hear the front door open.

"Eddie are you and- *oh*."

The two leap away from each other as if they've been burned, when they see Bev standing in the archway, looking startled but with a mischievous glint in her eye. She looks like the cat who's caught the canary.

"Was I interrupting something? Shit, I was, wasn't I?" She asks, the smirk on her face growing dangerously.

"No, we were just-" Eddie tries to explain, but Bev cuts him off.

"It's okay, Eddie!" Bev insists, grinning wildly. "No need to hide your relationship."

"There's nothing to hide!" he insists, "because we're not dating."

But it's no use.

"You don't have to lie," Beverly laughs, "We kinda figured... Anyway, I was just coming over to tell you that we were waiting for you both at the quarry, but I can see you're busy, so..." she winks and Eddie can feel his face burning. "Yeah. Bye," and with that she rushes out, very likely about to tell the others what she saw.

Eddie finally brings himself to look up at Richie once more, cursing the fact that he can still feel the warmth spreading from his cheeks to the tips of his ears. Richie is smirking down at him and he does *not* like that look.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” Eddie demands, and pushes Richie further away from him.

“Like what, *boyfriend* ?” Richie teases, eyebrow raised and god, that should not be making his stomach do flips like that.

“You know we’re not together, stop that,” he snaps, trying to fix Richie with a glare but he knows he’s never been very good at being intimidating. Especially not to Richie.

“We could go along with it.”

Now that causes Eddie to do a double take and he stares at Richie. “Why the fuck would we do that?”

“Why the fuck not?” Richie asks, holding his hands up in an exaggerated shrug. “Plus, you know nobody’s going to believe us if Bev tells them what she thought she saw.”

This should not make sense. He should turn around right now, and say no to Richie. He’s *going* to say no to Richie because this is a terrible fucking idea.

“Yeah, you’re right,” he finds himself saying instead.

“It also gives me the chance to hold my best friend’s hand in public without being questioned,” Richie says with a wink and grabs Eddie’s hand.

Eddie cracks a smile, and tugs his hand out of Richie’s grip. “That’s gay.”

“That’s the point,” Richie says with a grin.

Eddie doesn’t know why he agreed to this.

The next morning, Richie is standing at Eddie's locker, loudly complaining about how his mom cancelled his subscription for some comic book.

"I'm so upset, Eddie. You don't *understand* ," Richie whines. He's practically ready to start stamping his feet.

"I don't," Eddie agrees, opening his locker and rummaging around inside instead of looking at Richie. "Besides, you're eighteen, do you really need to be reading comics?"

Richie clutches his heart dramatically. "How dare you say that. You wound me."

Eddie laughs, crinkles forming at the corners of his eyes as he looks up at his friend, "I'm serious, Rich! I-" he stops talking when he sees Bev coming their way over Richie's shoulder.

Richie goes to turn around but Eddie pulls at his shoulder, "Don't look. Beverly is coming."

"Right, okay. What do we do?"

"I don't know, touch me or something- wipe that grin off of your face, asshole." Eddie hisses, trying to move his lips as little as possible so that Bev won't see.

Richie ends up leaning against the lockers, placing a hand on Eddie's hip, and dragging him closer.

Eddie tries to ignore the way it feels to have Richie touching him like this in public and begins a staged topic, "You can come over tonight, if you want," he says, trying to sound flirtatious as Bev walks into earshot and feels ridiculous. "My mom has some board meeting and won't be home until late."

"Yeah?" Richie asks, smirking down at him suggestively. "I'll be there... Oh, *hey*, Bev," he says, faux casually as she joins them and he turns to look at her.

She grins, "Morning, lovebirds."

“Where are the others?” Eddie asks, with a roll of his eyes.

“Bill, Ben, and Mike are in the library studying for a test they have next period. Stan should be here third period.”

“Oh, yeah. He has a doctor’s appointment.” Richie remembers.

“Good luck to him. He hates needles.” Eddie says, hyper aware of Richie’s hand that is still resting firmly on his hip.

After a few seconds of awkward silence, they’re saved by the bell. Literally.

“See you guys later,” Richie says and turns to leave, his hand finally moving from it’s resting spot and Eddie tries not to think about the fact that he’s disappointed by that.

“You’re not gonna kiss your boyfriend goodbye?” Bev challenges with a teasing smirk. Just because I’m here doesn’t mean you can’t show affection,” she teases and Eddie can tell that she’s having way too much fun with this.

He and Richie give each other a nervous look as if asking the other if it’s alright, before both of them are cautiously leaning in, with a quick peck to the lips. To say at the least, it’s *bad*. Richie’s bottom lip goes over Eddie’s top one and he’s half kissing his nose. Eddie can hear Beverly giggling behind them and Eddie himself is burning with embarrassment.

Richie bolts after that.

That night, Eddie is sitting at his desk and finishing up his homework as it’s nearing midnight. Just after he puts his books away and is about to get ready for bed, he hears a familiar, faint tapping sound at his window. He lifts it up in one swift motion. “Richie? What are you doing here?” he hisses, careful not to speak too loudly for fear of waking his mother.

“I came to see your mom,” he taunts as usual and pauses. “But she’s not here so I guess I’ll have to settle for my *boyfriend* instead,” he

finishes with a wink.

"You don't have to call me that when we're alone, you know," Eddie groans.

"Yeah," Richie agrees with a nod. "I just figured that I should get used to saying it, though."

"I guess so," Eddie mumbles and it does make sense.

"Anyway," Richie continues, and Eddie looks up at him. "Speaking of the situation, you are a terrible kisser," Richie laughs and pokes his side.

"Excuse me, but that wasn't even a kiss," Eddie snaps, thinking back to how Richie had almost completely missed his mouth that morning. "It was a disaster."

"I agree," Richie nods. "Which is why we should practice."

Eddie freezes at that, his mouth gaping slightly and his eyes wide.

"What?"

"Yeah, Eds. Did I stutter? We should practice," Richie repeats himself as if it's the most obvious choice in the world. "Make it look believable - Because that mess we pulled earlier, that was the furthest thing in the world from believable."

He's right and Eddie hates that he's right.

"Okay, okay," he agrees. "Yeah, you're right."

"Always am," Richie says with a grin and there Eddie's stomach goes again. "Now come here," Richie says in a low voice, and pulls Eddie against him. Eddie's face is flushed and he can feel his heartbeat quickening. He watches Richie lean in and then he's pressing his hands against Richie's chest to stop him.

"Wait!" he gasps. " *Wait* ."

"What's wrong?" Richie asks, his confusion evident, but he doesn't let

go of Eddie.

"I've- I've never kissed anybody before." Eddie says quietly, clearly embarrassed.

Richie smiles again, but this time Eddie can tell Richie isn't making fun of him. The smile is soft and sweet and it makes Eddie's heart skip a beat. "I'll be gentle, Eds," Richie says, his voice slipping back into its usual joking cadence. "No need to worry your pretty little head."

Eddie bites his lip, but nods. "Yeah," he says, looking down at where their chests are still almost but not quite meeting and taking a deep breath before looking back up at Richie. "Okay."

The two both lean in slowly, Richie's hand finding Eddie's cheek. Their lips brush over one another's carefully. It's chaste at first. Then, Richie is guiding Eddie's arms to rest around his his neck and nudging his face with his nose. Eddie opens his mouth slightly, getting the hint.

To anybody else, this would be weird. Kissing their best friend in the middle of their bedroom. It should be weird for Eddie too. It's not, and that's what scares him. Having Richie's lips brushing against his feels so natural and right and-

Richie has stopped kissing him. Eddie's eyes fly open and Richie's lips are swollen and red. Eddie wants to tug him back in.

"Can I stay the night?" Richie asks abruptly, and Eddie is surprised - Richie never asks permission.

"Y-Yeah, of course," he says.

Eddie eyes Richie as he moves to lay in his bed, acting as if what just happened didn't. He already knows he's fucked. He stares for a moment longer and then climbs into bed with his friend.

See, get a hold of yourself, you're fine, Eddie tells himself. But then Richie throws an arm over his waist, and it shouldn't be different, but it is. They do this all the time, but now Eddie sees Richie as more than a friend and now nothing is the same.

"Night, Eds," Richie mumbles into his neck.

"Don't call me that," Eddie whispers, and tentatively places a hand on Richie's as it lays across his chest. "Goodnight, Richie."

It doesn't take long for the two to get the hang of this whole "fake dating" thing, and Eddie tries not to think about that fact. Whether it be holding hands in front of their friends, using pet names for each other, or a quick kiss to the lips - you name it and they do it without hesitation or a moment's thought.

That's the thing - they know they only have to put the act on for their group of friends. And they stick with that. That is, until Eddie oversleeps one day and walks into school late, only to see Richie talking up some girl. His blood boils. He tries to calm himself down - he knows he doesn't have the right to be angry. They're not even a *real* couple. Yet, that doesn't stop him from storming over.

The girl looks over in his direction, "Oh, you must be Ed-"

"Excuse us for a second," Eddie interjects. He takes hold of Richie's arm, pulling him into his space, and kisses him without a second thought.

Richie's eyes widen for a moment, and then he's relaxing, closing his eyes and putting a hand onto Eddie's cheek.

When they pull away, the girl is gone.

"What was that?" Richie asks. "Are you.. Are you *jealous* ?" he says, and he looks far too happy with this realization.

Eddie pales and tries to backtrack. "You can't just flirt with some girl. We're supposed to be dating. What if one of our friends were to see you?" He's surprised at how quickly the excuse comes to mind, and is satisfied when Richie seems to take it at face value.

"I didn't think of that."

Eddie rolls his eyes. Of course he didn't.

"We're a team now," Eddie says seriously, and looks into Richie's eyes. Richie smiles and Eddie's heart starts beating wildly once again.

"We always have been," Richie agrees.

The second time they kiss without their friends around is that same night. Richie's laying on Eddie's couch while Eddie sleeps on the armchair across the room. They were having a movie marathon, but the smaller boy had fallen asleep not even two movies in.

Richie checks the time. It's half past one AM. He sits up, stretches, and picks Eddie up from his curled position in the chair and cradles him to his chest, carrying him bridal style up to his room.

He places Eddie carefully onto the mattress, but when he turns to leave through the window, Eddie grabs his hand, making him stumble back.

"Why are you leaving?" Eddie mumbles, his voice thick with sleep.

Richie touches his cheek and tries desperately to ignore the thundering of his heart. "You need to sleep," he replies softly, and brushes back the hair on Eddie's forehead.

"Come lie down with me," Eddie asks, and that's that.

Richie can't say no to him - he never could. He slides under the blankets next to his friend. "You've been asleep since ten o'clock," he says with a soft smile.

"Why didn't you wake me?" Eddie asks, slowly starting to sound more awake. "You know our movie marathons are my favorite."

"You looked so precious," Richie says, hoping that it sounds as teasing as he normally does instead of how genuine he feels saying it.

"Fair," Eddie hums and gives Richie a small smile.

"Aren't you a little cocky?"

"The cockiest." Eddie laughs.

They fall into a comfortable silence. Richie shifts closer and slings an arm around Eddie's waist. "You know, you're the best cuddler out of all of our friends," he says quietly as he pulls Eddie in closer to him. His chest is pressed against Eddie's back and he's afraid Eddie might be able to feel how hard his heart is beating.

"Yeah?" Eddie asks. "Why's that?"

"Well," Richie starts, "Bill thrashes everywhere- can never get comfortable. Stan refuses to cuddle at all so that counts him out. Mike says it's weird. I'm convinced Bev is gay, and Ben would always rather be reading a book."

Eddie snorts.

"So, it comes down to you," Richie finishes, and squeezes the arm that's wrapped around Eddie's waist just a little bit tighter.

"I feel honored to be able to claim that title," Eddie says with a grin, and if he burrows a little closer into Richie's warm chest, neither of them say anything.

"You should," Richie smiles, resting his forehead on the top of Eddie's head, completely unbothered by the feeling of Eddie's hair tickling his nose. "Although, your mom comes close to it. You're gonna have to step up your game, Kaspbrak."

Eddie turns in Richie's embrace so that he's facing the taller boy, and weaves a hand through Richie's hair. "I don't think it'll be a problem," he replies. He blinks a few times then impulsively presses a quick kiss to Richie's lips.

"You're getting better at that," Richie comments, and Eddie can feel his cheeks heat up.

"Yeah?" he asks, looking up at Richie's face and biting his lip.

"Yeah, I think you'll have to do it again though," Richie says seriously. "Just so I can confirm that it wasn't just a fluke."

Eddie shoves Richie's shoulder, "Richie!"

“What?”

“You can’t say that,” Eddie grumbles. “We’re best friends,” he says, and tries to pretend that the thought doesn’t make his stomach sink like a stone.

“Who are *pretending* to be in a relationship,” Richie says, as if that explains everything. “We might as well play the part.”

“What do you mean?” Eddie asks, and drops his hand from Richie’s hair.

“If it wasn’t for Bev and her loudmouth, we wouldn’t be in this mess, right?”

“Right,” he confirms.

“Well, who knows how long we’ll have to keep this up for.”

A voice in the back of Eddie’s mind tells him that they could easily just tell their friends the truth but Eddie pushes the thought away. That would be much too simple and besides... he was enjoying this. He might as well take advantage of it while he could.

“So.. you’re saying that we should.. *Kiss more?*” Eddie makes a face.

“Yeah, why not? I mean, it’s great for practice. Plus, you’re not half bad.” Richie nudges Eddie’s face with his nose, and his lips are just a breath away from Eddie’s.

“God, this should be so weird.” Eddie whispers against Richie’s lips, reveling in the feeling of Richie’s hands on his lower back..

“If it’s weird, we don’t have to,” Richie says quietly. “Just figured it could help our situation. Make the best of it and all,” he offers.

“No, yeah, it’s fine.”

Richie searches Eddie’s eyes for a moment, trying to find any hint of hesitation. When he finds none, he closes the gap between them completely, kissing Eddie soundlessly. Eddie wants to melt into the touch and let Richie kiss him all night, but stops himself.

Eddie pokes his friend's face. "You should sleep," he says quietly, silently reminding himself that while he might be enjoying this, he shouldn't get too carried away.

"Why? There's no school tomorrow," Richie whines and rests his forehead against Eddie's.

"Yeah, but if you don't go to bed at a reasonable hour, you know you're going to complain about being tired in the morning."

Richie sighs, "Okay, *mom*, no need to be a smartass."

"I hope you don't kiss your mother with that trashmouth of yours," Eddie says with a laugh.

"No," Richie agrees, "but you don't seem to have a problem with this trashmouth kissing *you*."

Eddie chooses ignore Richie's comment and instead focuses on trying to slow his rapidly beating heart. "Go to sleep, Richie," he says softly.

If they sleep closer together than before, they don't say anything.

Richie wakes up the next morning to the delectable smell of bacon wafting up the stairs to Eddie's bedroom. He stretches out his long limbs in the bed and yawns before pushing himself out from under the blankets and prodding down the steps.

"Good morning," he greets Eddie from the doorway of the kitchen. "What'cha makin', *boyfriend*?" he teases.

"Stop calling me that," Eddie laughs, looking up to see Richie leaning against the doorframe. "Bacon and Sausage. I can make Eggs, too, if you want."

Richie strides across the kitchen and wraps his arms around Eddie's waist and presses a kiss behind his ear. "Sure, if it's not a problem," he murmurs, taking in the scent of Eddie's shampoo.

"Of course not," Eddie says quietly, blushing bright red at the affection but not pulling away.

The two sit at the kitchen table when Eddie finishes cooking and eat their breakfast off of Mrs. Kaspbrak's perfectly matching dishware in an amiable silence until Richie looks down at his phone and speaks up.

"What do you want to do today?" he asks Eddie, causing the smaller boy to look up from his breakfast. "Bill texted and said we should go to the mall later."

"Don't wanna." Eddie says through a mouthful of food.

"Why not?" Richie asks with a smile, thinking about how Eddie is just too fucking precious.

"Because we just went to the mall, like, two days ago," Eddie grumbles. "Just tell him you're gonna chill at my house today."

Richie raises his eyebrow and gives Eddie a lascivious grin as he whips out his phone, "Oh so that's what we're calling it?"

"*Type*, Tozier," Eddie commands as he rolls his eyes at his best friend.

Richie chuckles and does as he's told.

"What did you say?" Eddie asks.

"I said, 'not today, Bill. I got better things planned,'" Richie says with a waggle of his eyebrows. "And I even added a wink face for good measure."

"*Richie.*"

"Lighten up, Eds, I'm supposed to be your boyfriend, aren't I?" Richie teases. "I have to say things like that," he says with a roll of his eyes.

Eddie huffs, "Yeah but it's just another lie that we'll have to keep up with."

Richie is silent for a moment after this, and Eddie eyes him warily. Richie and silence rarely mix well, and given the strange circumstances they've found themselves in lately, Eddie is immediately suspicious.

“Then let’s be truthful about this one, yeah?” Richie says quietly, breaking the silence after staring at Eddie for a long moment.

“What do you mean?” Eddie asks, looking at Richie quizzically.

Richie stands up from his chair and walks around to Eddie, taking his hand and leading him to the couch. He sits himself down criss-cross in front of Eddie and Eddie doesn’t like this at all. He hates not knowing what’s going on, especially when it comes to Richie and this whole fake dating thing they’ve gotten themselves wrapped up in.

“I don’t-”

Richie cuts him off, placing his hands on either side of Eddie’s face and says what he had texted Bill out loud. “I’ve got better things planned.”

He swoops in and places his lips onto Eddie’s. He couldn’t hold it in anymore, and he’s so grateful that Eddie isn’t pushing him away. They move slowly together, and much to Richie’s surprise, Eddie is the one the one to run his fingers down Richie’s back, pulling him closer. Richie groans into his lips in appreciation and squeezes Eddie’s hips firmly.

The rhythm of their kiss changes, suddenly becoming wet and open-mouthed. It’s the first time it’s been more than just a peck, without the excuse of it being for ‘practice’ behind it.

“This okay?” Richie asks against Eddie’s mouth, as he breaks away for air.

“Yeah,” Eddie gasps breathlessly and leans back, gripping Richie’s collar and attempting to pull Richie down on top of him.

“Having fun there, Eds?” Richie teases, placing a hand on the couch next to Eddie, bracing himself so he doesn’t fall onto him.

“Shut up, Richie.”

Richie doesn’t need to be told twice. He slides a leg between Eddie’s thighs and kisses him harder, almost sure he’s bruising their lips, and not caring one bit. They spend the rest of the morning that way,

sometimes pausing to watch something on the TV, but always gravitating right back to one another.

It's around lunchtime and they're so caught up in each other, they don't hear the front door opening as all their friends come spilling into Eddie's house.

"Hey you guys- *okay, holy shit, holy shit!*" Mike's voice breaks the silence, making the two jump apart.

"You weren't kidding," Bill blinks, eyes wide.

"Do you ever fucking lock your door?" Bev asks with a grin.

"My mom likes to leave it unlocked when she goes to work, if I'm home. I should really start though, shouldn't I? Since you never *knock*," Eddie snapped, glaring up at his friends from his place on the couch, still trying to catch his breath from the kissing and the shock of being interrupted.

"In our defense, we didn't think we would need to," Ben explains weakly.

"If you guys were going this hard at just kissing, I don't wanna know what your sex is like." Stan makes a face.

Eddie's face goes as red as a tomato and shakes his head, "We- We- *We haven't had sex!*" he spits out as soon as he can get his tongue untied. The 'yet' lingers awkwardly in the air.

"*Anyway*," Bill says sharply in an attempt to change the subject. "We have to come t-to retrieve you in g-going to the mall," he announces. "Your p-plans can w-wait."

Richie groans. He hates his friends.

After an hour or so of wandering as a group, the other five ditch Eddie and Richie to go to the food court, and Eddie decides to find a suit.

"Yeah, that wedding is in like three weeks," Richie says, swaying

their hands between them.

“Two, actually,” Eddie corrects him.

“Even worse. It’s not like you to wait until the last minute for this sort of thing,” Richie says, but he’s smiling as he says it and he squeezes Eddie’s hand softly. The gesture feels incredibly intimate and Eddie fights back a blush.

“Well excuse me, but I’ve been spending all of my time with you as of late,” he snaps in an attempt to not let on exactly how much the small gesture was affecting him.

Richie pulls him in by his hand until Eddie is pressed up against him. “Yeah, you’re right,” he murmurs. “I like that choice better,” he licks his lips, staring at Eddie’s.

Eddie’s face reddens. “Yeah, me too... ” he says, and presses a chaste kiss to the corner of Richie’s mouth before taking a step back and pulling Richie in the direction of the tuxedo shop.

“C’mon, Romeo, help me pick out a suit.”

Richie picks out two, and Eddie has three as they head to the dressing room. Eddie walks into the corner stall and changes into the first one, admiring the way it looks in the mirror before walking out to show it off to Richie.

“I like this one.” Eddie comments.

Richie is sitting on the chair in the waiting area and his eyes widen when Eddie emerges.

“Me too,” he says lowly, eyes dragging up and down Eddie’s body. “But you still got four more to try on.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” Eddie says, before turning over his shoulder to go back into the stall and undress, hanging the suit back up on the hanger.

He puts the second one on, having trouble getting the vest on. “Hey, Rich?” he calls. “Can you come in for a second?”

Eddie unlocks the door, allowing the other boy to step in.

“What’s wrong?” Richie asks as he shuts the door behind him and steps up behind Eddie, putting his hands on Eddie’s hips and kissing his neck softly.

“Trouble getting the vest on,” he explains. “I don’t think I like this suit though, anyway,” he adds as an afterthought, looking at himself in the mirror.

“I don’t either,” Richie says from behind him, and as his grip on Eddie’s hips tightens, Eddie looks up to make eye contact with him through the mirror. “You should take it off.”

It’s quiet for a moment until Eddie speaks quickly, “We need to go home. Right now.”

Richie’s eyes darken, spinning Eddie around to help him take off the dress shirt and vest, and when Eddie reaches down to undo the button on the trousers he had been trying on, Richie can’t help himself anymore. He dives down to capture Eddie’s lips in a kiss that the smaller boy gasps into, and Eddie clutches at Richie’s own shirt, the trousers forgotten for a moment.

Eddie tears away a moment later, his chest heaving and shoos Richie out of the stall so that he can change back into his original clothes. When he emerges, he takes the first suit up to the nearest register, leaving the other four abandoned in the stall.

“Are we just leaving them?” Eddie asks, breathing heavily. They’re practically speed walking to Richie’s truck.

“They can call an uber or something, I don’t know,” Richie said. He honestly couldn’t care less how their friends got home, and he grabs Eddie’s hand. “But *we’re* leaving.”

Eddie shoots a quick text in the group chat: *‘Something came up! We gotta go. Hopefully you can call an uber. Sorry guys!’*

As soon as they see that Mrs. Kaspbrak’s car is still not in the

driveway, they race into Eddie's kitchen, and Richie slams the door shut behind them, making Eddie jump. Richie pushes him against a wall, kissing him hard and pressing his groin into Eddie's as he grips the smaller boy's sides.

"*God, Eddie,*" Richie mouths at his neck, dragging his lips down his throat. "*You're so hot,*" he groans, and uses the grip he has on Eddie's hip to pull him closer until there is absolutely no space between them.

"Have you seen yourself?" Eddie says breathlessly, and yanks at Richie's hair, eliciting a loud moan from him.

"*Upstairs,*" Richie growls in Eddie's ear and Eddie can't move fast enough.

Eddie kicks his bedroom door shut and actually *leaps* onto Richie. Richie catches him and holds him up on his waist, kissing him feverishly as he stumbles back toward Eddie's bed, falling onto it when he feels it against the backs of his knees.

Eddie is straddling his hips, their lips moving together in a perfect rhythm.

It doesn't take long before Richie is sliding his hands up Eddie's torso underneath the fabric of his shirt, moaning underneath him as Eddie grinds his hips into Richie's. A moment later he's pulling Eddie's shirt over his head.

"Richie," Eddie hisses as he breaks away from the kiss to allow for the removal of his shirt..

"What do you want, baby?"

Eddie doesn't answer him, but promptly goes back to kissing him, shoving his tongue inside of his mouth.

Everything seems to be going fine...perfect even, until Richie squeezes Eddie's hips and flips them over so that Eddie is laying on his back. Richie is still between Eddie's legs and is moving his hands up Eddie's slender, bare chest, and begins leaving a trail of hickeys from his behind his ear to his collarbone.

“Richie...” Eddie’s voice sounds like a warning but Richie pays no mind, too engrossed in Eddie’s neck as he licks and bites marks into his skin..

“*Richie*,” he tries again, but Richie is kissing down his chest now.

“*Richie!*” he all but shrieks, and that is enough to startle Richie from his ministrations.

The curly-headed boy finally sits up, staring at Eddie with wide eyes. “What? What’s wrong?”

“*Get off of me*,” Eddie scrambles up and hastily slides his shirt back on.

“What happened?” Richie asks, genuinely confused. “What did I do?”

“We are *best friends*, Richie!” Eddie is saying, spitting the words out between deep gasping breaths. “We shouldn’t be doing this.”

The words hit Richie like a slap in the face and he gapes at Eddie, half shocked and half furious.

“Who’s telling you that?” he demands. “*Yourself?* Because clearly, you didn’t have a problem with it when I was seconds away from sucking your dick.” Richie snaps.

“See! Right there!” Eddie says desperately, hands gesturing furiously. “We’re best friends in a *pretend relationship* .” and with that, Eddie turns his head away from Richie to look at his lap, afraid to look at Richie when he continues. “Pretend, Richie. Not real.”

“It started out that way, didn’t it?” Richie says coldly after a moment of deeply uncomfortable silence.

“What do you mean?” Eddie asks, looking up at Richie’s pained face.

“What if I don’t want it to be pretend, huh, Eddie?”

Richie looks angry and Eddie doesn’t understand. This was Richie’s idea in the first place, so why should he be upset with Eddie if he doesn’t want to do it anymore?

“Then we can just tell the others the truth if you don’t-”

“No. That’s not what I meant,” Richie insists, exasperated. “I *want* it to be real. I want to be your boyfriend,” he explains and realization begins to dawn on Eddie as he sees the pain in Richie’s eyes increase tenfold. “The kind that kisses you all the time, not just in practice for this stupid charade or as an act in front of our friends. Do you understand me, Eddie?”

Richie is staring at him now, waiting for a response. He looks raw and torn open, and Eddie nods after a few seconds, finally getting it.

“You’re...in love with me?” he asks tentatively.

“Yeah, I am.”

“Why didn’t you fucking tell me?” Eddie says, inching closer to him.

“Because I knew you’d freak out like this!” Richie says and he looks like he might cry.

“I’m not freaking out because you’re in love with me,” Eddie says quickly. “I’m freaking out because we’re best friends-”

“If you say we’re best friends one more *fucking time* -” Richie snaps, but Eddie plows on.

“-pulling shit like this, while I’m falling for you, too,” Eddie finishes, dragging Richie in by his shirt. “And it’s so fucking hard to stop when you’ve got these-these big brown eyes and I just... You are doing things to me, Richie Tozier.”

He looks up at Richie’s eyes and the shock on his face is evident, but Eddie watches as it fades away and a hopeful smile takes its place.

“Do you want me to stop?” Richie asks as he touches Eddie’s cheek.

“God, no,” Eddie says with a laugh, and pulls him down, kissing him. His arms immediately find their way around Richie’s neck.

“You are the worst,” Richie says, moving his hips in hopes of receiving some sort of friction. Eddie can feel him against his thigh.

“Richie, holy *shit*.”

“You gonna do something about it, loverboy?” Richie teases with a wink. “Or will I have to take care of it myself?”

Eddie narrows his eyes and pushes him back down on the bed, climbing into his lap with his knees on either side of Richie’s hips once again. He presses his hips down, slowly but firmly, eliciting a long broken groan from Richie’s throat. Eddie revels in the noise for a moment, and then he’s rolling his hips down into Richie’s repeatedly, and Richie is *losing* it.

“Oh my god, Eddie-” Richie gasps, digging his nails into Eddie’s hips.

Eddie picks up his pace, letting one of his legs move between the other boy’s thighs. His face is in his neck, panting, mouthing at his skin, but not biting and sucking like Richie had been.

“Mark me,” Richie says breathlessly. “I’m all yours, sweetheart.”

Eddie does as he’s asked and though he starts small, it quickly devolves into sharp bites that he sucks into his mouth. This isn’t a cute trail like Richie had left on his neck; he’s leaving giant purple bruises all over Richie’s throat.

Richie can feel himself shaking beneath Eddie and he’s struggling to get the words out, but he needs more. “Faster,” he begs. “*Please*, Eds.”

Instead, Eddie stops his movements abruptly, leaving Richie a whining mess.

“Shut *up*, Richie,” he groans, and slides his hand between them and underneath the elastic of Richie’s sweats and the waistband of his boxers. He takes Richie into his hand, gripping firmly but not squeezing. He jerks Richie’s length slowly, pointedly not giving Richie what he’s asking for and delights in the sight of Richie falling apart underneath him.

Richie begs him again, and Eddie takes one last long, slow, pull and Richie is already chanting that he’s going come. Eddie squeezes Richie at the base of his cock to stop him from coming just yet, and

as Richie lets out a wrecked gasp, Eddie leans forward, slotting his lips with Richie's and biting at his lower lip. He shoves his tongue into Richie's mouth, and brings his unoccupied hand up to Richie's hair.

He weaves his fingers into Richie's curls and gives an experimental, teasing tug and Richie whimpers into his mouth. Eddie smirks against his lips and begins slowly sliding his hand up and down once more. He yanks on Richie's hair again, much harder this time, pulling Richie's head falls back and Eddie could listen to the noises Richie makes at this all day. But he doesn't waste time thinking about it, and bites down on Richie's neck as he swipes a finger over his slit, and that's all it takes for Richie to release all over his hand.

As the tension releases, Richie collapses back against the bed, shaking and gasping for breath, his fingers still clenched in the fabric of Eddie's pants, and Eddie draws his hand out from Richie's pants, fingers dripping with Richie's release.

"You gonna go wash your hands?" Richie asks with a hazy grin when he finally catches his breath.

But Eddie doesn't answer, locking eyes with him, and Richie watches as Eddie's tongue emerges from between Eddie's swollen lips and just *licks* the liquid from his hand.

Richie nearly comes again at the sight.

Eddie crawls down to lay beside him, tracing shapes with his fingertips on Richie's stomach.

"Can we just stay here forever?" he asks as he rests his head on Richie's chest.

"I'd be okay with that," Richie says with a smile, and leans his head down to kiss Eddie's forehead. They spend the rest of the day in Eddie's room.

Later on, Richie is muttering something in Eddie's ear about how pretty Eddie is, making him giggle, but he stops short when they hear a knock on his door.

“Eddie? Those aren’t your shoes, downstairs. Is someone with you?” Mrs. Kaspbrak’s voice is muffled from behind the door.

He looks at Richie, panicking. “U-uh,” Eddie knows he can’t lie to his mom, “Yeah, just Richie, mom!” he calls to her. “We’re just reading comics!”

Mrs. Kaspbrak is quiet for a second, “Okay, Eddie... Just tell me next time you want someone over.”

Eddie breathes a sigh of relief when he hears his mother’s footsteps travel back downstairs. He looks up at Richie, who’s already staring at him, a smile playing on his lips. He smiles back, reaching up to cup his cheek, and presses his lips to Richie’s.

In the days following, Richie and Eddie are even more inseparable than usual, and they’re just always *touching*.

They get caught, more than once and by multiple teachers, making out against the lockers - being threatened to stop with the PDA, or they’d have to stay in detention.

Richie thinks that detention would be worth it.

Eddie tells him that it’s not, and that they have more than enough time to make out when they get home.

-

“Richie,” Eddie gasps out suddenly between kisses.

They had found themselves back in Eddie’s living room after school that day and were taking full advantage of the time they had before Mrs. Kaspbrak would come home.

“What is it baby?” Richie asks, sitting up on Eddie’s waist. He has Eddie trapped between him and the couch, pinned between his legs, and god, is that a beautiful fucking sight.

“I want you to be my date to the wedding next week,” Eddie says nervously. He knows that they’d already discussed their feelings for

each other but they had never actually talked about how things would change going forward.

Richie claps their hands together and pinches his cheek, “Aw Eddie bear! You want me to be your *date* ?”

“Yeah I want you to be my date,” Eddie says firmly. “But I don’t want you to go *as* my date.”

“What do you mean?” Richie asks, suddenly feeling nervous himself.

“I want you to go *as* my boyfriend.”

“Oh...” Richie blinks, realization dawning on him. “Oh. Eddie, you sap,” he grins, and leans forward to kiss him. “Of course I’ll go *as* your boyfriend. God, I love you.”

“I love you too,” Eddie replies, grinning against Richie’s lips.

Eddie feels Richie’s hands slid under his hips and then flip them over so Eddie is seated on Richie’s lap. “I didn’t realize that you liked me on top,” he says with a raised eyebrow, the shadow of a smirk playing across his face.

“Hmm... only sometimes,” Richie teases and pulls Eddie’s hips down, lifting his own up to rut against him and watching as Eddie’s head rolls back at the contact. “Love watching you fall apart above me,” he groans, biting his lip at the sight.

Eddie looks down at him, just as he opens his mouth to let out a moan. If that isn’t the most sinful thing that Richie has ever seen, he doesn’t know what else to compare it to.

“You know I can’t believe you’re real sometimes,” Richie says, meeting Eddie’s crotch with his own.

“Why is that?”

“Fuck, just look at you-“ Richie groans, and trails his hands up Eddie’s thighs. “I’m *drowning* in you.”

Eddie smirks down at him and fuck, Richie thinks he might actually

explode at the look in Eddie's eyes.

"Oh yeah?" Eddie taunts, and grinds down into his lap even harder.

Richie throws his head back and groans at the feeling of Eddie pressing against him, his eyes closing tightly as his fingers fist in the fabric of Eddie's shirt just above his hips.

"Nuh uh," Eddie scolds and pulls at Richie's hair, yanking his head up and forcing Richie to look at him as he let out a long, guttural groan at the feeling. "Look at me," Eddie demands. "I want you to watch me. Keep your eyes on me, alright, gorgeous?"

At this point, Richie doesn't think he can look away even if he wanted to. "O-Okay.."

"Stop holding your breath," Eddie tells him, and until then, he didn't even realize he was doing so.

Richie grabs Eddie's thighs, helping him align their hips better. He was already done for, though. They both know this. One touch and it was over, but it's always that way for Richie. Electricity runs throughout his veins, hormones shutting down the logical side of his brain. From there on in it's all intoxicating, the way Eddie intensely moves on top of him, and he needs more.

"Richie..." A sinful sound escapes Eddie's lips, leaving him taking in an extra breath, "I want... I want..."

Richie looks up at him with glazed over eyes, knowing the answer, but needing to hear it.

"Use your words, princess," he says softly, instructing Eddie.

"I...want you to...Fuck me..." Eddie says between gasps, grinding his hips down into Richie's with each gasp.

"Fuck..." Richie shudders. "Okay, yeah...yeah," he says, sounding incoherent.

Eddie lets out another high pitched, keening moan as Richie ruts up against him involuntarily and Richie thinks he might melt.

“Do you...Have any-” Eddie gasps.

“No, fuck...baby,” Richie groans. He had no idea this was going to happen today and he was totally unprepared. If they had just gone to his own house...Richie grabbed Eddie’s hips to still them, wracking his brain for an alternative. “But I can-”

Eddie surges forward and kisses the words out of his mouth.

“Hold on,” he gasps, breaking away from Eddie’s mouth. “Hold on, hold on.”

Eddie whines, and Richie reaches up, grabbing Eddie’s throat and pulling him down, “Eddie, shut up.”

Eddie has his eyes closed, his mouth is parted, and he is shaking, “O-Okay,” he can feel Richie’s eyes dawning on him, full of wonder and realization.

“Is that... Is that a thing for you?”

It’s almost enough to distract him, but Richie flips Eddie over onto his back, and leans in to kiss him softly, before pulling back. Eddie tries to pull him back in, but Richie grabs his hands and pins them back down on the couch.

“Stay here,” he says firmly, “Don’t move...I’ll be right back.”

Eddie whines but obeys and stays on the couch, Richie looks down at him as he stands and his knees almost buckle as Eddie’s hand slides down to grip himself in Richie’s absence. He shakes himself out of it and runs to the kitchen and starts frantically slamming open the cabinets, rifling through Mrs. Kaspbrak’s neatly organized shelves until he finds a jar of coconut oil, and races back to the living room with it.

When he gets back, Eddie has already taken his pants off and is laying there, hand slid under the waistband of his boxer briefs and pumping himself slowly, head thrown back with his eyes closed. Richie gapes at the sight for a moment, before kneeling onto the couch, one foot on the floor and one knee between Eddie’s legs.

“Getting started without me, huh?” he asks, leaning down over Eddie once more and pulling Eddie’s hand out from his waistband. Eddie lifts his head to look at him and Richie nudges his nose against Eddie’s, before kissing him again, setting the jar of coconut oil down on the floor as he does.

Eddie’s hands find their way to the hem of Richie’s t-shirt and start pulling it up. Richie breaks away from Eddie’s mouth to allow him to pull the shirt over his head and as soon as the shirt hits the floor his lips are back on Eddie’s. His thumb begins rubbing circles into Eddie’s hip as the smaller boy’s hands slide up his torso to grip at Richie’s shoulders, and Richie hooks his fingers into the waistband of Eddie’s boxer briefs.

“Is this okay?” he asks softly, pressing his forehead to Eddie’s as he grips the elastic.

Eddie nods frantically and lifts his hips slightly as Richie slowly pulls them down his bony hips. They get tangled around his ankles and Richie laughs softly, leaning back off of him to free Eddie’s legs and pull them off. Eddie grabs Richie by the belt buckle as soon as his underwear has been tossed aside and pulls him back down on top of him.

He fumbles awkwardly with the buckle for a moment and Richie must be able to tell how frustrated he is because he hears his boyfriend laughing, and looks up to fix Richie with a glare. Richie smiles at him and reaches down between them with the hand that isn’t holding himself up, and unbuckles the belt with a flick of his wrist, before sitting up to pop open the button of his jeans. Eddie reaches forward to pull down the zipper and starts pushing them down Richie’s hips.

“Get these off,” Eddie grumbles, eagerly yanking them down and Richie huffs a laugh and kicks them off behind him.

“Geez, you’re so impatient,” Richie teases, rolling his eyes but sighing affectionately, and leaning over Eddie again, ducking his head down to nip at Eddie’s throat.

“Yeah well,” Eddie gasps at the feeling of Richie’s lips traveling up

his jawline. "I've been thinking about this all day, so jot that down."

"Is there any time of the day where you're not being a sassy little *shit*?" Richie mumbles against his ear, and bites at the soft skin below his earlobe.

"Are you really gonna complain about that right now?" Eddie snaps with a raised eyebrow, his hand sliding between them to hover at the elastic of Richie's boxers.

"I guess I shouldn't be when your hand is that close to my dick, huh?" Richie asks, and presses his hips so that his groin is up against Eddie's hand, shuddering as Eddie slips his hand beneath the waistband to take Richie in his hand again.

Eddie squeezes him, "Yeah, you really shouldn't."

Richie's eyes are rolling to the back of his head, "Stop teasing," he groans, and then pauses as a thought occurs to him. "On second thought, let *me* take care of you," he says, and bats Eddie's hands away, despite his protests.

Richie sits up to grab the coconut oil off the floor and dips two of his fingers into it, feeling it melt into the warmth of his fingers. He places a hand on the inside of Eddie's thigh and holds his fingers up, looking at Eddie as if to ask if he was ready.

"That's not going to burn, is it?" Eddie asks nervously.

Richie lets out a surprised laugh. "No, baby, of course not," he says. "I promise."

Eddie nods and spreads his legs slightly, though there isn't much room for them to go on the couch. Richie hooks his dry hand under Eddie's leg, lifting it up to rest his calf on Richie's shoulder. He presses a kiss to his thigh, smiling against the sensitive skin as Eddie shivers beneath him, and presses his fingers up against Eddie, rubbing the oil against his skin.

Eddie jumps slightly at the touch and digs his fingers into Richie's shoulder. Richie looks up at him.

“Are you okay?”

“Y-yeah,” he whispers shyly. “It’s okay,” and smiles at Richie in a way that he means to be encouraging, but Richie can tell how nervous he is.

“We can stop if you want to, baby, just say the word,” Richie says, moving his hand away to rub soft circles into Eddie’s thigh.

“No!” Eddie says quickly. “No, I...I want you to keep going,” he says, taking a deep breath and reaching between his legs to grab Richie’s hand and guide it back to its previous position.

“Okay,” Richie smiles at him, kissing each of Eddie’s knees as he presses one of his fingers inside of Eddie, pausing as Eddie breathes in a sharp gasp of air. “You’re doing so good, baby,” he says encouragingly, crooking his finger slightly and making small circles with it, feeling Eddie constrict around him. “Just breathe. Don’t forget to breathe.”

Eddie lets his head fall back against the couch and tries to do what Richie is telling him to. He takes in a deep breath and lets it out slowly, trying to relax around the foreign feeling of Richie’s finger inside him. Eddie winces, the pain not fully subsided yet.

“It won’t hurt the entire time,” Richie promises, “I’m gonna add another finger, okay?” he says, but waits for permission before he goes through with it.

Eddie nods, his eyes screwed shut, “O-Okay...I trust you.”

Richie pauses for a moment, a smile forming on his lips. He grabs Eddie’s hand with his free one, entwining their fingers together, his heart skipping a beat as Eddie squeezes his fingers. He pushes another finger in, nearly stopping when he hears a squeal forming in Eddie’s throat.

“Keep- Keep going, I’m fine,” Eddie insists, sensing Richie’s hesitation. “It won’t hurt the entire time,” he says, repeating Richie’s words back to him. And, fuck, Richie fucking loves this boy.

He continues pressing the second finger into Eddie and starts

pumping them in and out slowly. As Eddie begins to relax slightly, he pushes in further and bends his fingers, brushing against a spot that draws a long, low moan from Eddie's throat, and Richie watches, mesmerized, as he starts to fall apart before his eyes.

He begins to scissor his fingers back and forth, stretching Eddie open and thinks he might explode when Eddie pushes his hips back, further onto his fingers.

"I.. I'm ready," Eddie mumbles through a moan, and Richie looks up at him as he audibly swallows.

"Are you sure?" Richie asks, kissing his thigh again.

"Yeah," Eddie says, nodding at him and smiling, and Richie is reminded of the sun because Eddie's smile is so beautiful it might actually blind him. "I've never been more sure of anything, other than you."

Richie's heart is in his throat and he feels like he might cry, but fuck, that would be so embarrassing. So instead, he pulls his fingers out and leans forward to kiss Eddie one more time, before sitting up and reaching behind himself for his jeans. He fumbles with the pockets for a moment until he pulls out his wallet and slides a condom out of one of the folds.

He tears the packet open with his teeth and squeezes the tip of the condom between two fingers before sliding it on, and tossing the empty packet aside.

He positions himself back between Eddie's legs and slides a hand between them to press himself against Eddie. He kisses his thighs one last time before pressing in, grasping Eddie's fingers in his as he does so.

"You look gorgeous," Richie whispers, watching Eddie fidget with his tie, and rolls his eyes. "Come here."

Eddie sighs in defeat and shuffles over to his boyfriend, letting Richie fix his tie. He's shaking with nerves and he's sure Richie can tell.

“Essentially, I’m coming out today, when I don’t dance with that girl.”

“How is that coming out?” Richie asks, scrunching his face up in confusion.

“I’m going to dance with you instead,” Eddie explains, taking Richie’s hands in his, and smiling at the way Richie’s eyes soften and the small smile that alights on his face.

“You don’t have to do that, babe,” Richie says quietly, squeezing Eddie’s hands affectionately.

“I know,” Eddie says, looking down at their intertwined fingers before looking back up at Richie’s smile. “But I want to,” he says, disentangling their hands so that he can reach up to grasp Richie’s neck, pulling him in for a soft kiss. “How can I not? You were the one who taught me how.”

“How to *what*? You’re going to have to clarify because I’ve taught you a lot of new things recently.” Richie smirks, his tone suggestive.

“I’m going to choke you if you don’t shut up,” Eddie snaps and glares at his boyfriend.

“Sorry, baby,” Richie says with a grin. “You’re the one who’s into that, not me.”

“Get away from me,” Eddie blushes, and narrows his eyes, jokingly pushing him away. “You’re the worst.”

Richie smiles and wraps his arms around Eddie’s waist, “Nope, you have to stay here forever.” He drags them playfully back onto Eddie’s bed, tugging him down, blowing raspberries into the crook of his neck.

“Richie,” Eddie laughs, “Stop it!”

“Make me.”

Eddie closes his eyes, trying not to let Richie’s words go straight to his dick. Yet, he looks down at him, leaning in to kiss him softly. He

opens his mouth, letting Richie's tongue invade his mouth. Just as he goes to entwine his fingers in Richie's hair, his mom is knocking at the door. Eddie tears his lips off of Richie's.

"Eddie, Richie, come on, we're going to be late," his mother calls from the other side of the door.

They both stand up, fixing their suits.

"This almost feels like.." Eddie trails off.

"...Like we're getting married?"

"Y-Yeah..." Eddie swallows.

"All in good time, sweetheart." Richie presses a kiss to his temple, opening the bedroom door, letting Eddie walk out first. He follows behind, a smile fixed on his face.

The bride and groom are finishing their first dance, when he hears his mom speak.

"Eddie, go on," she says, the excitement in her voice making him cringe. "There she is, There's Anna, go dance with her."

Eddie blinks at his mother before turning away, his hand shaking, and reaches for Richie's. He pulls him up, taking him to the floor.

"You remember how to do this or are you gonna step on my foot again?" Richie jokes, placing a hand on his waist and pulling Eddie in close to his chest.

"Listen, *asshole*, it was an accident." Eddie snaps, but there's no malice in his tone, and the smile he's wearing definitely overpowers the attitude. He places one hand on the back of his neck and lets Richie take the other in his own.

"I'm kidding, I'm kidding," Richie smiles and leans down, resting his forehead onto Eddie's. He spins them a bit, Eddie giggling.

"You are the love of my life," Eddie whispers.

“How did I get so lucky?” Richie asks, smiling at Eddie, unable to tear his eyes away from the beautiful boy in his arms.

“In which way?” Eddie asks, grinning at Richie mischievously.

“That was good, Kaspbrak,” Richie grins and a laugh bubbles up in the back of his throat.

“I know,” Eddie smiles and bumps his nose against Richie’s. “How mad does my mom look?” he asks.

Richie peeks at Mrs. Kaspbrak over Eddie’s shoulder and he tries not to laugh. “Very.”

Eddie knows he’s going to get an earful from her as soon as she can get him alone, but he can’t find it in himself to care right now. Not when Richie’s hand is on his waist and they’re swaying to the music.

“Kiss me for good measure?” he asks, tilting his head back to look Richie in the eye as he smiles at him.

“Eddie ‘Savage’ Kaspbrak? More likely than you think.” Richie muses but leans in, capturing his lips with his own. They linger for a second, pulling back slowly, savoring the moment between them.

Eddie hums when Richie pulls him closer, “You think this is gonna be us, for real one day?”

“I know it will be,” Richie says, and he finds that he really means it.

“Promise?” Eddie asks, resting his head on Richie’s shoulder as they continue to sway.

“I promise.”

Eddie leans up once more, pressing his lips to Richie’s. “That’s all I could ever ask for.”

“You’re all I could ever ask for.”

Author's Note:

again, thank you to 2/3 of my beautiful betas/
friends, i could NOT have done this without you two

richietoaster.tumblr.com